THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 19, 1802.

ANECDOTES *of* M. GARNERIN, *the Aeronaut.*

M. GARNERIN is a native of Paris, and the ſon of a pewterer in that capital. His father, though very far from being in opulent circumſtances, ſent him to the univerſity at an early age, but it cannot be ſaid that he went through any thing like a regular courſe of ſtudies, as he only remained three years at college, and never entered the claſs of natural philoſophy. It was at the period that the noted Mongolfier firſt invented and exhibited his balloon, young Garnerin, more captivated by the new diſcovery than in love with claſſical learning, ſoon conceived the idea of making little balloons for himſelf, and of letting them out from his chamber windows. The principal of the college, however, ſeeing that he totally neglected his ſtudies for the purſuit of ſuch baubles, told him, in the moſt peremptory manner, that he ſhould either abjure his balloon mania, or quit the ſeminary.—Garnerin preferred the latter, and went home to his father, who was far from being ſatisfied with his conduct.

When the revolution broke out, which was ſoon after his leaving college, he became a volunteer in the Pariſian national guard; and though he proved very attentive to his military avocation, he did not loſe ſight of his favourite amuſement. Not having money ſufficient to purchaſe a balloon himſelf, he applied to a rich and avaricious perſon, who bought one for him, and gave him a mere trifle for aſcending in it, on condition that he ſhould receive the caſh which the public were to pay for admiſſion. Even this propoſal was acceded to by Garnerin. His parents, however, learning that he was on the eve of going up in a balloon, applied to the mayor of Paris, and conjured him to prevent their ſon from expoſing himſelf to ſuch imminent danger. But the magiſtrate—(it was the unfortunate Bailli)—re-

fuſed to interfere, ſaying, that the buſineſs was not within the ſphere of his juriſdiction. The diſtracted father and mother then waited on General La Fayette, who was commander in chief of the pariſian guard, and begged he would interpoſe his military authority, and not ſuffer the giddy youth to aſcend. M. La Fayette, acquieſced in the favour they ſolicited, and ſent a file of ſoldiers to put the young adventurer in confinement; but Garnerin ſaw the men approach, and gueſſing what had been their orders, immediately drew his ſabre, threatened to run the firſt perſon through who ſhould interrupt him, cut the cords which kept the balloon to the ground, and aſcended with the utmoſt velocity, amidſt the acclamations of thouſands.

When the monſter Robeſpierre filled France with widows and orphans, the revolutionary committee of public ſafety deputed Garnerin to the army of the north, then commanded by General Ranſonnet. He appeared there in the capacity of commiſſioner, and as he was known to poſſeſs a conſiderable portion of inflammable matter, he was inveſted with extraordinary powers.

His functions called him to Machiennes, in Flanders, a few days before the Auſtrians attacked that place and carried it. The Auſtrian diviſion was under the immediate command of his royal highneſs the Duke of York, and Garnerin became a priſoner to the Britiſh; he was ſent, with the others, about 1600, to Oudenard, whence he deſerted about two months after, but was retaken almoſt immediately. He paſſed into the hands of the Auſtrians, was conveyed up the Danube into Hungary, where he remained till he was exchanged. He complains highly of the French government, and certainly not without juſt cauſe, for having refuſed to pay him his arrears during the period of his captivity!

Garnerin is of a very diminutive ſize, and in his thirty-third year.

He is married to a lady of ſimilar diſpoſitions to his own, who ſometimes accompanies him in his aerial excurſions; ſhe, however, with laudable deference, gives up the whole honour of adventuring in our boiſterous regions to her huſband.

A TALE *of* WAR.

I Had nearly reached the age of ſixteen years, and had paſſed with credit through the accuſtomed courſe of education at a reſpectable free-ſchool. But I was a younger ſon, and my parents thought it now neceſſary to enter into a ſerious conſultation regarding my future deſtination in life. My uncle, the dean, had often ſignified his intention to give me a living, if I ſhould be brought up to the church. An eminent attorney in the Temple, a ſecond couſin of my mother's, offered to direct my

my initiatory juridical ſtudies, and to introduce me into practice, if I might be educated for the bar. The family fortune had been created by my grandfather's ſucceſs in trade; and my father, therefore, inclined to place me in a merchant's counting-houſe. My own ſecret wiſhes were for the army; and in theſe I had, till of late, been privately encouraged by my mother; but the American war had juſt broken out, and ſhe was now even more averſe to my becoming a ſoldier than ſhe had been before deſirous of it.

A few days after my laſt return from ſchool, the dean and the lawyer were invited, with ſome other company, to an entertainment on my ſixteenth birth-day, at my father's houſe. It was reſolved to decide on that day, by their advice, concerning my future profeſſion. Fearing that the determination might be againſt my own wiſhes, I expected the return of my own feſtival with little pleaſure. The morning of that day was to me the moſt anxious and penſive I had known. When the company began to arrive, my heart ſunk within me. Fortunately, as we were about to ſit down at table, a carriage ſtopped at the door, and out of it alighted an old gentleman in a rich military uniform, who was announced by his ſervant as General Shewell, and whom my father, on hearing his name, ran to receive with an eagerneſs which ſufficiently intimated that the general was an old friend, from whom he had been by the accidents of fortune and employment long divided. After their firſt ſalutations, my father introduced his friend to the company, and we learned, that after a long courſe of military ſervice abroad, the general had but newly returned to England, and had come on the earlieſt opportunity, to renew his acquaintance with the deareſt friend of his youth.

The company ſat down at table. The general's intelligence and politeneſs were ſuch as to leave to the reſt nothing of the unpleaſant feelings of a family-party, diſturbed by the unexpected intruſion of a ſtranger. I was particularly recommended to the notice of my father's ancient friend; and, when he drank to my health, he kindly took me by the hand, and aſked, whether "I would not be a ſoldier?" I preſumed not to make any direct reply. But my father anſwered, that my future profeſſion was hitherto not determined upon; though he had hopes, that the advice of his friends would in the converſation of that afternoon fix the choice, both of himſelf and his ſon.

My mother ſaid, with ſome impatience, that the boy was of himſelf, ſhe believed, but too much inclined for the army; and though in a time of peace ſhe would for her part have been reluctant to thwart his inclinations, yet ſhe could not think of ſending him out, perhaps to certain death, ſince war was now actually commenced. The dean ſaid, that I would be much ſafer at the univerſity, and that the income of a rich benefice was

better than the pay of a general officer. The attorney was of opinion, that the bar was the only fit ſcene for the exerciſe of ſuch promiſing talents as mine; and aſked my mother, whether ſhe ſhould not be proud to ſee her ſon lord chancellor of England? My father thanked his friends for their advice, but confeſſed that his own ambition had no higher aims for me, than that I ſhould be, like my grandfather, whoſe name I bore, an honourable, and not an unſucceſsful merchant.

The converſation proceeded: every one offered new reaſons in ſupport of his own advice, while all, but the general, whoſe unobtruſive politeneſs held him ſilent, declared that no good could come of making me a ſoldier. With bows of apology to the general, one urged the common poverty of mere ſoldiers of fortune; another, their profligacy and diſſipation. The general heard all with ſmiling attention, and, as it ſeemed, perfectly without offence. Though my father earneſtly requeſted to have his opinion, I know not if he would have been perſuaded to utter it, if he had not remarked the ſolicitude with which my looks were turned upon him, and the air of diſſatisfaction with which I ſeemed to hear the different advices of our other friends.

"Nay, gentlemen, you would ſurely be ſurpriſed, if I ſhould hear all this advanced againſt my own profeſſion—a profeſſion which has been to me not at all an unfortunate one—yet refrain from ſaying a few words in its defence. But if experience had given me any reaſon to ſuſpect that a military life is either leſs favourable to the culture of wiſdom and virtue, or much more hopeleſs in the views of fortune, or greatly more inſecure as to length of life, than any of the profeſſions which you rather prefer to it; no little ſelf-partiality ſhould move me to ſay here, what might encourage any raſh enthuſiaſm which this good youth may have conceived for what his books have, no doubt, taught him to regard as the profeſſion of heroes.

"You know, my old friend, (continued he, turning to my father) what an idle young dog I was, when ſent to ſerve an apprenticeſhip in your father's counting-houſe. I indeed diſtinguiſhed and valued your good qualities; but even your kindneſs cannot now aver, that I had a ſingle merit more to recommend me. —Nay, do not interrupt me. My heart might not be abſolutely bad; and I had received the advantages of a ſchool-education for the culture of my underſtanding; but I had acquired no fixed habits of induſtry and virtue: my mind was not deeply enough impreſſed with any good principle. I ſuppoſed myſelf under no obligation to any thing which I did not like, and I liked nothing but boyiſh amuſements, and the premature gratification of thoſe paſſions of manhood which were but juſt beginning to make themſelves felt within me. Your father ſoon found out, that there was nothing to be made of one ſo idle and uncomplying as I was, in the counting-houſe; and it was much owing to

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your kindneſs, that I was not turned away in diſgrace, but was allowed to go off handſomely, as if I had conceived an invincible predileƈtion for a different profeſſion.

" I was then placed in the Temple. Being there my own maſter, free from all inſpeƈtion and controul, I ſtudied not, but ran into vices and follies which I ſtill tremble to recolleƈt. My friends had loſt all hopes of my ever turning out in life otherwiſe than ſhamefully and miſerably, when they reſcued me from the Fleet-priſon, and procured me an enſign's commiſſion in a marching regiment, then under orders for foreign ſervice, in a dreadfully fatal climate.

" With joy I embraced this change. It delivered me from confinement. I thought that nothing could be happier, than the gay, idle, rambling life of a ſoldier. I longed to viſit diſtant countries; and of the danger of death by a noxious climate, or an enemy's ſword, I was ſo inconſiderate as to have little fear.

" I joined the regiment, juſt as it was about to embark for the Weſt Indies. Some part of my hiſtory had come, with unfavourable exaggeration, to the ears of my brother officers; and though they did not abſolutely refuſe to aſſociate with me, yet they ſeemed to be very little ſatisfied with my coming among them. I was awkward in the military exerciſes, and unſkilled in my regimental duty, diſadvantages which made my condition ſtill further unpleaſant. There was not another officer in the regiment, but myſelf, who had ſo little as a bare enſign's pay to ſubſiſt upon. I had not been above three weeks in the army, when I felt the diſtreſs of theſe circumſtances, as more intolerably grievous than any thing I had hitherto tried, and I actually believe, that if we had then remained three weeks longer in England, I ſhould have left the ſervice in the infamy of a common deſerter.

" On the fourth week, however, we ſailed from Portſmouth for Jamaica. During the voyage, neceſſity began inſenſibly to reconcile me to my ſituation. I began to feel an emulation to excel in the diſcipline, and in the diſcharge of my duties as an officer. My temper, hitherto hot, and my manners boiſterous, were ſoftened by the neceſſity of ſubmiſſion to my ſuperior officers, and of politeneſs to men, to whom as they could not in honour endure rudeneſs, without reſenting it at the riſk of life, there could be nothing ſo odious as a turbulent quarrelſome ſpirit. I had leiſure for calm reflexion on my paſt follies and my future proſpeƈts, and I began both to attribute to my own miſconduƈt, that for which I had hitherto blamed my ill fortune, and the unkindneſs of my relations; and at the ſame time to hope that I might find means to render my preſent condition leſs unhappy than I had before ſuppoſed it. Dreams of military glory, and of preferment earned by merit, aroſe ſometimes on my imagination; and while on board the tranſport-ſhip, I

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did not feel myſelf in any great diſtreſs for want of money. Ere we reached the end of our voyage, I began to be leſs unfavourably looked upon by the other officers; and was even occaſionally honoured with flattering notice by ſome of my ſeniors and ſuperiors.

"We arrived at the iſland of Jamaica. Soon after our landing, I was obliged to attend the challenge of another young enſign, to whom, while on board, I had inadvertently given offence. We fought with our ſwords, and he eaſily diſarmed me, though not without receiving himſelf one dangerous wound. I know not that I had ever endured a more fearful perturbation of mind, than on the evening between the challenge and our rencounter, and during thoſe few days which paſſed after our combat, before the life of my antagoniſt was pronounced by the ſurgeon to be no longer in danger. No other human means could have ſo deeply or ſo indelibly impreſſed my mind with a ſenſe of the neceſſity of obſerving in future that cautious politeneſs of manners, without which in the army it is impoſſible to avoid the riſk of putting one's own life, and the lives of others, often fooliſhly into peril. My adverſary, within a few weeks, happily recovered; and from the recollection of our common folly and danger, we remained ever after ſincere friends.

"Another incident befel me ſoon after, from which alſo I derived a very ſalutary leſſon. New to the exerciſe of command, I was hence miſled to treat the ſoldiers with undue inſolence and ſeverity. A ſerjeant, whom I had unſeaſonably ſtruck, knew how to make his complaint againſt me; ſo that I was brought to trial before a court martial. Had not due allowance been made for my inexperience, and had not ſome of the older officers already begun to conceive favourable hopes of me, I ſhould have been diſmiſſed the ſervice. I met only with a ſevere reprimand, and an aſſurance, that on any repetition of ſuch abuſe of my authority, I ſhould be leſs ſparingly dealt with. An old officer of the court afterward invited me to a private converſation, and with moſt winning kindneſs explained to me how honourable it was to the character of a Britiſh officer, and how important to the ſervice, to avoid all undue haughtineſs and cruelty toward the men under his command. The leſſon was ſeaſonable, and it ſunk deep into my heart.

(To be continued.)

On the OLD ROMANCE *and* MODERN NOVELS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ridiculous extravagance of the old romance in many particulars, it ſeems calculated to produce more favourable effects on the morals of mankind,

than our modern novels. If the former did not repreſent men as they really are, it repreſented them as they ought to be; its heroes were patterns of courage, generoſity, truth, humanity, and the moſt exalted virtues. Its heroines were diſtinguiſhed for modeſty, delicacy, and the utmoſt dignity of manners. The latter repreſent mankind too much what they are, paint ſuch ſcenes of pleaſure and vice as ought never to ſee the light, and thus in a manner hackney youth in the ways of wickedneſs, before they are well entered into the world; expoſe the fair ſex in the moſt wanton and ſhameleſs manner to the eyes of the world, by ſtripping them of that modeſt reſerve, which is the foundation of grace and dignity, the veil with which nature intended to protect them from too familiar an eye, in order to be at once the greateſt incitement to love and the greateſt ſecurity to virtue. In ſhort, the one may miſlead the imagination; the other tends to inflame the paſſions, and to corrupt the heart.

AFFECTIONATE TRIBUTE *to the* MEMORY *of* REAR-ADMIRAL TOTTY.

Extract of a Letter from a young Midſhipman, on Board the Saturn, to his Father in London, dated Spithead, July 2, 1802.

"IF the public reports have not already informed you, how great muſt your ſurpriſe be, on receiving a letter from me, dated at Spithead, after having informed you very lately that we expected to remain ſome time longer in the Weſt-Indies.

"Would to God we had remained there for years, rather than that the melancholy circumſtance which has cauſed our return had happened; in that climate even, ſo inimical to Engliſh conſtitutions, I ſhould have felt myſelf happy, ſo long as I continued under the patronage of Admiral Totty. By the bleſſing of God I there enjoyed a perfect ſtate of health, although daily hearing of the death of ſome of my brave ſhipmates, moſt of them cut off in the prime of life. In the midſt of this mortality, the Admiral, having been on ſhore for a few days while the ſhip was painting, was attacked by the fever, and on coming on board was immediately put to bed; and thinking that the freſh air at ſea might benefit him, he ordered the captain to get under weigh. We cruized a day or two off the iſland, when the admiral finding his end faſt approaching, with the aſſiſtance of the ſecretary and captain, he arranged the public affairs, and appointed a commodore in the bay.

"On the 24th of May we ſailed for England, and in a day or two we heard the joyful news that the admiral was mending conſiderably,

conſiderably, and that there were ſome hopes of his recovery: but providence, alas! ordained it otherwiſe: for on the 2d of June, death ſeized upon its prey, and his noble ſpirit fled to the realms of bliſs, to receive that reward his numberleſs virtues deſerved. Thus Great-Britain loſt one of her braveſt and moſt zealous officers, ſociety one of its greateſt ornaments, and I loſt, more than all, my beſt friend and patron. The many good qualities I found him to poſſeſs ſince I have known him, have ſo endeared him to me, and to every one that knew him, and his kindneſs to me has been ſo great, that his memory will be cheriſhed by me ſo long as there is breath in my body.

"The taſk would be endleſs were I to enumerate the many benefits he beſtowed on all ſuch as were ſo fortunate as to be known by him. One circumſtance alone will prove this aſſertion: having while in health promoted ſeveral young men who depended entirely upon him, there were ſtill ſeveral left unprovided for; theſe, while on his death-bed, troubled with a multiplicity of public affairs, he ſtill remembered, and it was almoſt his firſt concern to give them their commiſſions, and ſend them on board the ſhips they were appointed to. Suffice it to ſay, that on board this ſhip, which he had been long captain of, at his death there was ſcarce a man that did not ſhed a tear to his memory. Totty, adieu! happineſs is your portion."

[The writer of the above letter was with Admiral Totty, in the Invincible, when ſhe was laſt year loſt in going out of Yarmouth Roads to join the Baltic fleet.]

Letters written during an Excurſion through France to Geneva.

(Continued from Page 516, of our laſt volume.)

THE Notice des Tableaux (ſee page 516 of our laſt volume) thus deſcribes my favourite piece, the communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino. What would I give that the group of adoring angels would finiſh their adoration, and fly away!

"Domenichino (Domenico Zampieri) born at Bologna in 1581, and died at Naples in 1641. No. 763. The communion of St. Jerome.

"Arrived at the age of 99 years, and ſeeing his laſt hour approach, St. Jerome cauſed himſelf to be carried into the church of Bethlehem, where he had been accuſtomed to celebrate the holy myſteries. There, placed at the foot of the altar, the dying old man ſummons all his ſtrength, in order to receive, on his knees, the viaticum: but exhauſted by faſtings, age, and illneſs, it is unequal to this laſt effort. Vainly does he attempt to raiſe his arms, that he may claſp his trembling hands: the coldneſs of death

death has already ſeized his extremities; the relaxed muſcles, and the ſtiffened joints, are no longer obedient: his arms are motionleſs, his knees bend, and, ſinking under the weight of his body, he again falls backwards. In this ſtate of feebleneſs and agony the little life which yet remains to him ſeems altogether concentrated in his eyes and on his lips, that eagerly implore the ſacrament, which the prieſt is preparing himſelf to adminiſter. He, clothed in the ſacerdotal habit of the Greek church, advances towards the holy man, in order to communicate; with one hand he holds the hoſt on the patine, and with the other he ſtrikes his boſom as he pronounces the ſacramental ſervice. Near him the deacon, ſtanding in the Dalmatic veſtment, bears the chalice ready to preſent it, when he ſhall have received the eucharift; and before him the ſub-deacon, on his knees, holding in his hands the miſſal.

" The aſſiſtants participate in this pious ceremony: one ſupports behind the fainting old man; another, on his knees before, wipes away the tears which his ſituation has extorted. On his left hand, Saint Paulina proſtrates herſelf, in order to kiſs his hands: all ſeemed moved by the affecting ſcene. The compoſition is completed by a group of angels hovering above in adoration." Once more, I do wiſh theſe angels would take themſelves off.

Such are the little deſcriptions which are attached to the notice of thoſe paintings which moſt require explanation: the " Notice des Statues, Buſtes, et Bas reliefs, de la Galerie des Antiques," is ſtill more full and deſcriptive: when we deſcend into the ſtatue-gallery, I ſhall give you a ſpecimen or two. The adminiſtration of the " Central Muſeum of Arts," as the Louvre is now called, has it contemplation to publiſh a catalogue général et raiſonne of the paintings in this gallery, which we ſhall all be very anxious to ſee: the preſent conciſe one is publiſhed at the moderate price of one franc " en faveur de la claſſe la moins fortunée."

I ſhall not enter into French politics, or conſider what degree of favour and attention is extended towards the claſſe la moins fortunée by government, in reſpect to civil liberty: but every one will acknowledge, that there is ſomething noble in throwing open the doors of every public eſtabliſhment, libraries, muſeums, cabinets, gardens, &c. to the gratuitous admiſſion of every individual. The meaneſt ſhoe-black in the republic may perambulate the halls of the Louvre with the ſame independent ſtep that the Firſt Conſul could: admiſſion is equally free for both on the eighth, ninth, and tenth of every decade. Foreigners and ſtudents have free ingreſs on every day except one, which probably is the decade itſelf, a day entirely of civil reſt, and totally unconnected with religious obſervances: all the offices are then ſhut up, and no public buſineſs is tranſacted.

We took advantage of the polite and and handſome privilege thus offered to foreigners, and walked into the Louvre when none but ourſelves and ſtudents had admiſſion: of theſe latter we always ſaw a conſiderable number, ſome elevated on little ſcaffolds, others ſitting, others ſtanding, employed in copying their favourite picture or their favourite ſtatue. There is ſomething extremely claſſical and intereſting in this ſcene.

We ſhould anticipate in England (though in all probability without reaſon) much confuſion and inconvenience from this open unlimited admiſſion of perſons of every deſcription into ſuch galleries as theſe are.

I cannot, in juſtice, omit to notice an unfortunate fact, which is point-blank againſt me. Mr. Gwynn, in his "London and Weſtminſter improved," has the following paſſage:—"In the year 1760 the firſt exhibition of the artiſts of Great Britain was made, and another the year following; but as every member of the ſociety was at liberty to diſtribute what number of tickets for admittance he thought fit, that which was intended only as a polite, entertaining, and rational amuſement for the public, became a ſcene of tumult and diſorder; and to ſuch a height was the rage of viſiting the exhibition carried, that, when the members themſelves had ſatisfied their own curioſity, the room was crowded during the hours allotted for the exhibition, with menial ſervants and their acquaintance. This proſtitution of the polite arts became undoubtedly extremely diſagreeable to the profeſſors themſelves, who heard alike with indignation their works cenſured or approved by kitchen-maids and ſtable-boys." The context, however, may fairly lead one to ſuſpect, that this ſcene of tumult and confuſion was merely, that a taſte for the polite arts, which kitchen-maids and ſtable-boys had, for the firſt time in their lives, an opportunity of gratifying, drew more of them into the exhibition-room than it was calculated to accommodate. Mr. Gwynn is extremely indignant that ſuch perſons ſhould give an opinion on a work of art: the artiſts themſelves thought otherwiſe, or they would not have been ſo laviſh with their tickets; they remembered the old ſtory of Apelles, perhaps, which eſcaped the recollection of Mr. Gwynn. The ſtory goes—that when Apelles had finiſhed a picture, he publicly expoſed it, and uſed to hide himſelf behind the canvas in order to profit by the criticiſms which he heard on his performance: it chanced one day that a cobler came to view it, and, having an eye to the honour of his profeſſion, was a little out of humour in obſerving, that the ſhoes did not fit the feet of one of the heroes quite ſo well as they ſhould do. Apelles paid a proper reſpect to the opinion of his critic, who certainly knew where the ſhoe pinched much better than he did, and immediately corrected the fault. Thus much againſt Mr. Gwynn: but the ſtory goes a little farther, and is more in his favour. The cobler happened

pened to paſs by this picture a ſecond time, and was ſtruck with the alteration, which ſo flattered his judgment, that he muſt now extend his criticiſm truly to the ſhape of the leg; This was too bad—Apelles could bear it no longer, but peeping from behind his canvas exclaimed, "No, no, friend, you may be a very good cobler, but prithee don't ſet yourſelf up for an anatomiſt—Ne ſutor ultrà crepidam!"

The utmoſt decorum prevails here: we have been in the Louvre when there could ſcarcely be fewer than two or three hundred perſons in it—bos, fur, ſus, atque facerdos—without once having the opportunity to notice the ſlighteſt violation of propriety in behaviour. Boards are hung up in two or three public places; "Citizens, touch nothing, but reſpect the national property," this neat and neceſſary admonition is not always very ſtrictly attended to: a gentleman of your acquaintance (I fear it was myſelf) was thoughtleſs enough to feel of the full veins in the dying gladiator's foot; ſurely one could not fancy they would yield to the preſſure of the finger. Some one, whom we conjectured to be a ſort of guard, gently rebuked me:—"Ne touchez rien, Monſieur, ſ'il vous plait." The entrance into the grand gallery of paintings preſents one of the moſt enchanting perſpectives I ever beheld: the length of the room is 1300 feet! on the walls of which are ſuſpended 950 pictures, many of them of very large dimenſions, the workmanſhip of Raphael, of Rubens, of Guido, of Titian, of the Carracci, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Corregio, Albano, Domenichino, &c. &c. &c. The firſt effect of this ſplendid and multitudinous aſſemblage is extremely impreſſive: but ſurely the pictures might be ſtudied to better advantage, were the collection leſs numerous—were it ſeparated and arranged into half a dozen different apartments. The adminiſtration, however, has very judiciouſly arranged the painters, particularly thoſe of hiſtory, following the chronological order of their birth, and the pictures of each maſter are, as much as poſſible, collected together; by this method the compariſon of ſchool with ſchool, of maſter with maſter, and of the ſame maſter with himſelf, is certainly very much facilitated.

This moſt noble room, however, is, after all, I think, in its preſent ſtate, very ill-calculated for the exhibition of pictures: it is narrow, although undoubtedly much more ſo in appearance than reality, and the large windows on one ſide alternate thoſe on the other, ſo that it is the moſt difficult thing in the world to throw an even light on any painting which you may wiſh to examine: having found one good ſituation you muſt keep it, for the chances are againſt your being able to find a ſecond. But we muſt take leave of this gallery: perhaps you will like to be informed, however, that Maria Coſway has it in contem-

plation to make and publiſh etchings of all the pictures contained in it!—What a formidable undertaking!

Le Citoyen David is, you know, the moſt celebrated painter in Paris; his picture of Bonaparte's paſſage over Mount St. Bernard we had frequently heard of before we left England, and of courſe were curious to ſee this far-famed production of art. Alas! it is gone! The Firſt Conſul, to whom it belongs, took it away about ſix weeks ſince: this is a great diſappointment, but we have been fortunate enough to have an opportunity of examining a performance of rival celebrity, by the ſame artiſt —" Le Tableau des Sabines." This picture is publicly exhibited at the Louvre for the private emolument of David, the firſt profeſſional man in France who has expoſed the productions of his pencil for profit; the circumſtance will probably effect a material and favourable change in the ſituation of the French painters, and poſſibly of the art itſelf: the public will now become judges of the performance, and the voluntary remunerators of artiſts, who will then, as in England, become independent, and receive the juſt tribute of their induſtry and their genius. The ſingularity, or perhaps the uniqueneſs (if you will allow me the word), of the circumſtance has, however, made David unpopular here; ſo much ſo, that he has thought proper to prefix to his " Expoſition du Tableau" a vindication of his conduct! It is very dexterouſly managed, and, although ſuch a vindication would be thought ſuperfluous in London, it is worth preſerving, as a curious evidence of the different opinion which is entertained on this ſubject at Paris.

(To be continued.)

Account of the Interview between the Emperor of Ruſſia and the King of Pruſſia at Memel.

TO ſhew honour to theſe diſtinguiſhed viſitors, the town of Memel had two triumphal arches erected; one before the gate of Liebau, repreſenting a portico, the entablature of which was ſupported by four groups of pillars, and in the frize the inſcription—Alexandro et Frederico Wilhelmo diis a Deo junctis civitas. In the middle of the attic were the arms of the town—a ſavage leaning on an anchor wreathed with flowers. The other triumphal entry, at the end of Linden-ſtreet, was formed by two obeliſks entwined with garlands of flowers, one bearing the Ruſſian, the other the Pruſſian flag.

On the 10th of June, 1802, his imperial majeſty arrived, under the name of a " Comte de Ruſſe," at Bolangen, the laſt frontier town of Ruſſia, three German miles hence, where he was received by Comte Kalkreuth, general of cavalry, who accompanied

accompanied his majeſty to the entrance of the town. On the way from Polangen to Bommels, half a mile off, the royal ſtate coach, with eight horſes, was ready to receive him; he was accompanied by ſeveral picquets of huſſars, placed there for the purpoſe, and thence to the town by a ſquadron of dragoons, and by the merchants' guard of Memel. His majeſty did not accept the ſtate coach, but remained in his chariot, attended only by an adjutant. His imperial majeſty had put on the inſignia of the order of the black eagle. He was ſaluted from the camp with 100 guns.

His majeſty the king, ornamented with the Ruſſian order of St. Andrew, rode in the mean time on horſeback, about a quarter of a mile from the town. On perceiving the emperor's chariot, his Majeſty diſmounted, as did the emperor likewiſe, and the two illuſtrious perſonages welcomed and embraced each other. The emperor then mounted one of the king's led horſes, and the two monarchs rode ſide by ſide, followed by their united ſuites (all on horſeback) into the town. Before the houſe of Mr. Lorck, where the king and queen were lodged, her majeſty the queen came to meet the illuſtrious gueſt, and ſurprized him with an embrace, which the emperor returned by preſſing her majeſty's hand to his lips. He remained to dinner with their majeſties, and about four o'clock, accompanied by the royal princes, went to his apartments at the merchant Glagon's in Linden-ſtreet.

Before entering, his imperial majeſty paſſed twice before the guard of one hundred and twenty-ſeven men and four officers, and inſpected the grenadiers with viſible ſatisfaction. He then preſented Major Von Bulow with a gold ſnuff-box ſet in pearls, and each of the officers commanding the guard with a gold ditto, and each private with a ducat. He converſed much with Major Von Bulow, concerning the arming and equipment of the Pruſſian grenadiers, and requeſted that the greateſt part of the guard might be diſmiſſed; which was immediately complied with, only fifty men being left for this purpoſe. His imperial majeſty paſſed the evening alſo with their majeſties, the bands of three regiments performing Turkiſh muſic before the houſe all the time.

On Friday morning he was preſent at the review, at the end of which his majeſty the king placed himſelf at the head of the infantry, ſaluted the emperor, and then rejoined him; on which the whole line paſſed before the two ſovereigns. The emperor dined again with the king, and afterwards both, accompanied by the queen, who rode between them, all three on horſeback, took a ride to the camp, and afterwards through a great part of the town. On the 12th their majeſties again dined together.

The proprietor of the houſe where his imperial majeſty lodged received 200 roubles per diem. The price of all proviſions

viſions is immenſely riſen. The ladies of the Pruſſian court had the honour of a viſit from the emperor, under the name of Comte de Ruſſe. Their royal highneſſes the Princes Henry and William, the king's brothers, have received from him the Ruſſian order of St. Andrew, and different noblemen of the court of other Ruſſian orders; in like manner the king honoured ſeveral perſons of the Ruſſian court.

The departure of his majeſty the emperor of Ruſſia was at firſt appointed for the 15th of June, it did not, however, take place till the 16th, when, between ten and eleven o'clock, he ſet out on his return, under the diſcharge of 100 pieces of cannon, with the ſame retinue, and in the ſame order as he arrived. About noon the king and queen of Pruſſia likewiſe left Memel, amidſt the loudeſt acclamations and bleſſings of the populace, and proceeded to Tilſe, whence they will go by the way of Takehmen and Raſtenberg to Jerutten.

The tour of the Emperor of Ruſſia through his ſtates reſembles a triumphal proceſſion; at every place through which he paſſes, perſons of all ranks repair from the moſt diſtant parts to obtain a view of the monarch.

Mr. Locker's Account of the Aerial Excurſion of Monday July 5, 1802.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

ALTHOUGH the world has been already preſented with an account of a late aerial excurſion, I flatter myſelf ſo much intereſt is ſtill entertained by the public for the ſafety of M. Garnerin, that the following particulars of his ſecond aſcent will prove acceptable to them.

The very unfavourable weather, attended with a heavy gale at South and South-Weſt, induced M. Garnerin to give up his intention of aſcending to diſplay the promiſed experiment of the parachute. In this event it had been arranged that M. Sowden ſhould once more accompany him; but ſome miſunderſtanding having taken place between thoſe gentlemen, and having had ſome previous converſation on the preceding day with M. Garnerin on the ſubject, I aſcended with him yeſterday afternoon, at ten minutes before five o'clock, according to my watch, from Lords Cricket-ground. The ſtrong aſſurances of my companion, added to what I had read on the ſcience of aeroſtation, and the experience of former aeronauts, had ſo fully perſuaded me of my perfect ſecurity, that I enjoyed the wonderful and enchanting proſpect, which now preſented itſelf, with unmixed pleaſure.

Although the denſe ſtate of the atmoſphere obſtructed diſtant objects in ſo great a degree, that our horizon was ſomewhat limited, the unuſual concourſe of ſpectators, which gradually diminiſhed to an undiſtinguiſhed maſs, and the view of great part of the metropolis, together with the ſurrounding country, ſtudded with houſes, and enlivened by the inhabitants moving in every direction, afforded me an entertainment well worth the purchaſe of any ſuppoſed danger. After throwing out ſome part of our ballaſt, we aſcended very rapidly, and by the intervention of ſome thick clouds, (which had much the appearance of a ſea of cotton beneath us, as deſcribed by Mr. Baldwin, of Cheſter, we entirely loſt ſight of the earth. We moved with much rapidity, although our motion was to me perfectly imperceptible; and at length the clouds diſperſing, we again ſaw the country below us.

I attempted in vain to aſcertain our ſituation, by calling to my recollection the appearance of the country, which appeared to me more like a proſpect ſeen in a camera, when placed in a very elevated ſituation, than any thing to which I could compare it; I think a map is an incorrect compariſon, as the various objects are not, as in nature, delineated with ſufficient minuteneſs to bear a reſemblance.

About this time M. Garnerin looked at his watch, and obſerving we had been five minutes on our voyage, propoſed to deſcend in about the ſame time. The peruſal of Mr. Sowden's narrative led me to obſerve, with much attention, the power of hearing noiſes below; neither M. Garnerin nor myſelf could diſtinguiſh ſounds above the elevation of 3 or 4000 feet, though M. Garnerin imagines a very confuſed ſound, but totally undiſtinguiſhable, may be heard conſiderably higher. We never attained a greater height, this day, by M. Garnerin's computation, than about 1200 French toiſes, or 7800 feet, as M. Garnerin being deſirous to return the ſame evening to town, did not chooſe to loſe a favourable opportunity of deſcending. At length we ſaw at a diſtance what proved afterwards to be Epping Foreſt, with a range of diſtant hills beyond, and obſerving an open champagne country, M. Garnerin opened the valve, and we began to deſcend. He directed me to call to ſome perſons employed in a field, as we approached the ground, to take hold of the ropes, which we had thrown out for the purpoſe, and recommended me to hold faſt by the cords, to avoid the ſhock on the balloon's firſt touching the earth. This precaution proved very neceſſary, as the force with which we deſcended was very conſiderable, occaſioned by the force of the wind, rather than by our ſpecific gravity, and the rebound bore us up again with velocity to the height of 150 or 200 feet.

In re-deſcending, we ſtruck againſt a tree, the ſhock of which gave M. Garnerin a ſevere blow on the back, and he obſerved,

that

that this was the only occaſion, during a period of twelve years, in which he had been in the habit of aeroſtation, and the 27th time he has aſcended, that he ever ſuffered ſuch an inconvenience. Several of the peaſantry being now at hand, we were ſecured from any further aſcent, and alighted from the car with perfect ſafety. We immediately enquired our ſituation, and found we had fallen in a field of Mr. Owen's, at Chingford, in Eſſex, and, referring to our watches, obſerved we had made our voyage exactly in one quarter of an hour. We diſpatched a meſſenger to Woodford for a poſt-chaiſe, and the inflammable air having evaporated, packed the balloon in the car, and had it conveyed to a ſmall inn at Chingford Green, adjoining which we had deſcended, from whence, after a flight repaſt on ſome proviſions we had brought with us, we ſet off for London, and arrived at M. Garnerin's in Poland-ſtreet, a quarter after nine in the evening.

Although the mob, which ſurrounded us on our deſcent, were as uſual, both troubleſome and officiouſly impertinent, we received great attention and aſſiſtance from Mr. Hughes, of the Stamp Office, London, and ſeveral other gentlemen, who beheld our arrival. Attention would have been, however, inſured to us, if neceſſary, by the paper put into the hands of M. Garnerin, ſigned by his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales, the Ducheſs of Devonſhire, Lords Beſborough, Cathcart, and other perſons of diſtinction, who witneſſed our aſcenſion at Lord's Cricket Ground.—I am, &c.

EDWARD HAWKE LOCKER.

Greenwich, July 6, 1802.

On RESENTMENT.

ALLOWED and habitual reſentment is a very dangerous diſorder of the mind, and is a torture to it: but it is very abſurd to torment myſelf becauſe another might have done me ſome injury; for by this abſurd conduct I promote his deſign more effectually than he could have done alone, and ſo add to the injury I have received; by puniſhing not my enemy but myſelf. The pain and folly of this diſorder of the mind ſhould be the cure of it. It is likewiſe a mean, ungenerous quality that will not be ſuffered to reſide long with noble ſpirits. It is a proof of a baſe and barbarous diſpoſition. Laſting reſentment is inexcuſable, whatever the provocation may have been. It ſours the temper, and ſo makes a man unfit for ſociety, and unhappy in himſelf; it excludes from his mind benevolent and pious thoughts; it cheriſhes pride, envy, contempt, and other violent and gloomy perturbations. "Let not the ſun go down upon your wrath," is an excellent rule.

A REFLECTION.

WHEN great men ſuffer themſelves to be ſubdued by the length of their misfortunes, they diſcover that it was the ſtrength of their ambition, and not the ſtrength of their underſtanding, which ſupported them; and that, allowing for a little vanity, heroes are juſt like other men; at leaſt, that the difference is not ſo great as is commonly imagined.

CAUTION *againſt* EATING HEMLOCK DROPWORT.

A Few months ſince died, near Hellingley, in Suſſex, William Reed, a youth, aged about 15; while employed in driving a plough-team, he incautiouſly ate part of the root of a plant turned up by the plough, and brought thither with a quantity of mould, collected from cleaning out the moat which ſurrounded Horſe-lunges-houſe; in botany it is named œnanthe-crocata, and commonly called hemlock dropwort or dead tongue. In three quarters of an hour after having eaten the root, he was ſeized with dizzineſs, ſickneſs, locked jaw, and a violent convulſive conſtruction of the muſcles of the throat, and all the other ſymptoms uſually produced by poiſon, and notwithſtanding various efforts to give him medical relief, he died in four hours, in the moſt agonizing contorſions, Mr. Long, the apothecary, declared he ever ſaw the human body endure.

Another boy who partook of the ſame root was attacked, at the ſame time, with the like ſymptoms, but was relieved from its deadly effects by a ſtrong emetic, conſiſting of large and powerful doſes of white vitriol, from 15 to 20 grains, and repeated in ſmaller quantities, the active operation of which is more expeditious than any other remedy. Acids he took alſo, to decompoſe the noxious matter, but afterwards, combined with alkali in the act of effervescence, to excite a freſh action on his ſtomach.

Hemlock is a ſpecies of vegetable poiſon, which does not deſtroy life by producing inflammation or other cauſtic effects on the coats of the ſtomach (as mineral poiſons do), but kills by its effects on the nerves, and conſequently on the vital energies of the ſyſtem.

A QUESTION, *by the Rev. Mr. Molſdell, of Treganning-Houſe.*

GIVEN the difference between the area of a regular pentagon, and that of its circumſcribing circle = one acre, to find the ſide of the pentagon, its area, and the diameter of the circumſcribing circle, algebraically.

Anſwer, by Robert Maffett, of Saltaſh, to A. L.'s Charade, inſerted September 28.

THERE's not a doubt, Sir, to be made,
But BOATSWAIN anſwers your charade.

Anſwer, by R. Maffett, of Saltaſh, to P. Gove's Charade, inſerted May 31.

THE LIFE-BOAT's aid the ſeaman craves
When toſs'd upon the boiſterous waves.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; Juvenis, and H. H. Tullidge, of Dorcheſter; Tyro, and Angelina, of Linkinborne; Henry Humphreys, John Squance, and W. Strong, of Exeter; G. H. near Bridport; and C. Mackey, of Plymouth.

Anſwer, by Juvenis, of Dorcheſter, to J. Lewis's Charade, inſerted June 7.

WHEN ſpring appears, with face ſerene,
The DAISY commonly is ſeen.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Whittle, of Upway; Walter Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton; J. Sweetman, of Everſhot; G. H. near Bridport; J. Squance, of Exeter; T. Adey, of Poole; and H. H. Tullidge, of Dorcheſter.

An ENIGMA, *by R. Berry, of Southmolton.*

YE ſages, on Britannia's blooming coaſt,
Reſplendent there I ſhine;
On Neptune's boundleſs domain too I boaſt,
And ſhow my face divine;
With blooming ſpring you ſee me peeping forth,
And dreſs'd in lively green;
When Boreas iſſues from the bleaky north
Then foremoſt I am ſeen;
Morning and evening I am clear to view,
In golden ſpangles dreſs'd;
In autumn I diſplay my vivid hue;
With plenty I am bleſt.

An ENIGMA, *by Glazonia, of Sidbury.*

IN grove or hedge my humble ſire is found,
And by the luſty woodman hewed down;
To ſome mechanic dragg'd juſt like a foe,
Where various cruelties I undergo;
When to perfection by his hand I'm wrought,
Soon by the truſty houſewife I am bought
To grace the dreſſer of her cottage neat,
Or in the farmer's kitchen take my ſeat;
Where I each day the feſtive table grace,
While rural ſwains the calls of hunger chaſe;
In days of yore my favours I could boaſt,
But now an upſtart race enjoy the roaſt,
And taſte the ſweets they us'd on me to pour,
Where ſmoaking dainties epicures devour;
To know my form, I'm either round or ſquare,
Perhaps aſſiſt you with your daily fare.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

Lines addreſſed to Mr. Bidlake, on peruſing his Poem on " Youth."

ACCEPT, ſweet bard! (whoſe numbers claim
A laurel from the ſhrine of fame)
Accept this tributary line;
Tho' mean the gift, and void of art,
Sincerity will charms impart
To ſuch a ſoul as thine.

Oft to the hours of pleaſures paſt
The retroſpective glance I caſt,
Till high on ſportive fancy's wings,
The preſent dreary ſcenes I leave,
And with ſuch joys my hours deceive,
As memory ever brings.

I view the grove's embowering ſhade,
Where erſt my early childhood ſtray'd,
Unconſcious of impending care;
I view the heights that crown the plain,
Where oft I ſought in ſummer's reign,
The breezy mountain's air.

The village ſchool, the rural cots,
The ſpire, and all the well-known ſpots,
To fond remembrance ever dear,
Oft come reſiſtleſs to my ſight,
And in the ſable hours of night,
In mazy dreams appear.

Thus has my flighty fancy rov'd,
To native ſcenes and days belov'd,
That ſtill arouſe my drooping heart;
Thus have I ſtol'n the heavy ſigh,
To think how youthful moments fly!
How earthly joys depart!

But O! what magic muſe divine!
What fancy, or what art but thine,
Could paint the varying bliſs and pain?
What muſe but thine could e'er diſplay
Thoſe charms of young ſimplicity
I ne'er muſt view again.

O! who but thou could blend ſo nice,
Amuſement with ſuch ſage advice,
Long by the youthful race declin'd,
Till thus deceiv'd, they ſeize the cup,
Drink all the hidden nectar up,
The balm that heals the mind.

What pen ſhall dare, in guilty ſtrain,
To give thy virtuous boſom pain,
Or vainly mock what thou haſt done!
At thy command its borrow'd light
Shall fade, like ſome faint orb of night,
Before the morning ſun.

Go on! and ſcorn the critick's frown,
For genius will beſtow the crown,
Which envious mortals would refuſe;
Go on! and gain eternal fame,
Till all Parnaſſus ſounds thy name,
And glories in thy muſe.

Devon. HILARIUS.

ATHLONE CASTLE.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

HIGH on a rock, where not a ſhrub
Adorn'd the frowning ſtone,
In Gothic grandeur roſe ſublime
The tow'rs of proud Athlone!

Amid a wild and rugged waſte
The gloomy manſion ſtood:
Before it, ſpread the barren plain;
Behind it, roar'd the flood!

And ſtill, when roſy morning dawn'd
Acroſs the eaſtern ground;
And when the dark grey ev'ning threw
Her deep'ning ſhades around—

Sad Margaret to the turret hied,
That overlook'd the wild;
There watch'd and wept—but never hope
The anxious hours beguil'd!

For many, many a tedious week,
And many a month had flown;
Since her lov'd lord, at honour's call,
Had quitted proud Athlone!

The chill blaſt howl'd, the bittern ſcream'd!
The livid lightning flaſh'd!
The thunder roar'd! and down the rock
The torrent hoarſer daſh'd!

Sad Margaret left her ſleepleſs bed,
With trembling terror wild!
She haſten'd to the turret drear,
And claſp'd her ſleeping child!

The ſavage blaſt had rudely torn
The caſement from the wall;

And

And, at her feet, with pond'rous crash,
She saw the ruin fall!

To the defenceless breach she went,
Nor moon, nor stars appear'd!
And, thro' the wind and torrent's roar,
The thunder loud was heard!

Yet Margaret look'd across the plain,
To see her lord appear!
And tried, amid the whistling winds,
His well-known voice to hear!

But thick the damp fog spread around,
And nought was to be seen;
Save when the lightning's lurid flash
Illumin'd the wild scene!

Sudden! the misty fog was gone;
The atmosphere had clear'd!
And, by the radiance of the moon,
The distant hills appear'd!

Extending numerous o'er the plain
She saw two martial bands;
Their crimson banners wav'd in air,
Steel glitter'd in their hands!

She heard the deaf'ning din of arms,
She heard the victor's shout!
She heard the shrieks of deep distress
From the defeated rout!

The fog again o'erspread the plain:
The hostile bands were gone!
And on the turret's mould'ring walls
Blue trailing wildfire shone!

And now a hollow voice was heard
Of deep sepulchral tone!
Loud it exclaim'd—denouncing woe—
"Deep woe, to proud Athlone!"

And tho' the mist still spread around
Its damp, unwholsome sway;
She plainly saw, athwart the gloom,
A funeral's black array.

Dimly the hallow'd tapers gleam'd!
The bell funereal toll'd;
"The spirits of the waters shriek'd!"
Sad Margaret's blood ran cold.

"Alas my love! where art thou gone?
"What mis'try shrouds thy fate?
"Ah me! the funeral hither comes;
"It stops before the gate!"

She gaz'd—she shriek'd—for, as she gaz'd,
She saw upon the bier,
All cover'd o'er with ghastly wounds,
Her husband's corpse appear!

At once the phantoms vanish'd all,
The howling tempest ceas'd;
And Margaret press'd with wilder love
Her infant to her breast!

The infant scream'd; but Margaret drown'd
Its voice with deeper tone!

"Ah! never more my love shall come,"
She cried, "to proud Athlone!"

"Nor ever more, my little babe,
"Shalt thou thy father see!
"What wilt thou do, poor helpless child,
"Depriv'd of him and me?

"I feel, I feel, my heart-strings burst!"
Sad Margaret, shiv'ring cried:
She sunk upon the clay-cold ground,
Kiss'd her sweet babe—and died!

The ANDAMAN's CREED *and* WORSHIP.

[From Symes's Embassy to Ava.]

WHILE simple nature's faith is our's,
The prayers of nature we rehearse;
We worship in her sev'ral powers
The Ruler of the Universe.

The sun our adoration greets,
First—as the obvious source of good;
The moon our second homage meets,
And last—the genii of the wood.

The water's, mountain's various forms,
Inferior agents these—we praise;
And to the spirit of the storms
Our trembling orisons we raise.

When fierce monsoons the gales divide
And nature groans with vary'd shocks;
We on the beach's pendant side,
Chaunt a wild chorus to the rocks;

Or prostrate pour spontaneous praise,
Where the great sun reveals his sight;
Our bosoms kindle at his rays,
The unenlighten'd mind's best light.

No bliss remote our souls pursue,
Our bounded thought is here confin'd;
A present God alone we view,
The sun his smile—his frown the wind.

Surbiton Farm.

EPITAPH *on a* PROJECTOR.

FROM nature's common change repriev'd,
Here lies a fam'd projector's head;
'Twas full of maggots while he liv'd,
'Tis full of maggots now he'd dead.

June 29.